

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee:
So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,
Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we our selues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hie,
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like, likes; and kisse like natie things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in seace, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer strone
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?
(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me. *Exit*

Flourish Cornets.

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and
diuers Attendants.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' eares,
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1. Lo. G. So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will moue vs
For speedie ayde: wherein our dearest friend
Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1. Lo. G. His loue and wisdom
Appro'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is deni'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The Tuscan seruice, freely haue they leaue
To stand on either part.

2. Lo. E. It will may serue
A nurserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1. Lo. G. It is the Count Rosignoll my good Lord,
Yong Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in haist
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties.

King. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the brauest. He lasted long,
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may iest
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clos'd to it selfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance sir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plausiue words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)
After my flame lacks oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiu sences
All but new things disdain: whose iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.
I after him, do after him wish too:

Since I nor wax nor hony can bring home,
I quickly were dissolued from my hie
To giue some Labourers roome.
1.2. E. You'r loued Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.
King. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

King. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out
With feuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deere.

Ber. Thanke you Maiesty.

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Count. I will now heare, what say you of this gentle
woman.

St. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your con-
tent, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past
endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make
foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, when of our selues
we publish them.

Count. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone
sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all be-
leeue, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you
lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough
to make such knaueries yours.

Clow. 'Tis not vnkown to you Madam, I am a poore
fellow.

Count. Well sir.

Clow. No maddam,

'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie

of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladships
good will to goe to the world, I sell the woman and w
will doe as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clow. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clow. In Isbells case and mine owne: seruice is no heri-
tage, and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God,
till I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are blei-
sings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clow. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen
on by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell
drives.

Count. Is this all your worships reason?

Clow. Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as
they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clow. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you
and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that
I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.
Clow. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue
friends for my wines sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

Clow. Yare shallow Madam in great friends, for the
knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of:
he that eies my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee
leaze to lene the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my
drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of
my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and
blood, loues my flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh
and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my
friend: if men could be contented to be what they are,
there were no feare in marriage, for yong Charbon the
Puritan, and old Posjam the Papist, how somere their
heartes are seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one,
they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Count. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calum-
nious knaue?

Clow. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the
next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full
true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your
Cuckow sings by kinde.

Count. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.
Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid Hellen
come to you, of her I am to speake.

Count. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with
her, Hellen I meane.

Clow. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy,

Fond done, done, fond was this King Priams ioy,
With that she sigh'd as she stood, *bis*
And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one
good in ten.

Count. What, one good in tenn? you corrupt the song
sirra.

Clow. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a pu-
rifying ath' song: would God would serue the world so
all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman
if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might
haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre,
or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lottericwell, a
man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Count. Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command
you?

Clow. That man shou
yet no hurt done, thou
it will doe no hurt, it v
ouer the blacke-Gow
ing forsooth, the busi

Count. Well now.

Stew. I know Mad
intirely.

Count. Faith I doe: I
and she her selfe with
lie make tidle to as mu
more owing her than
her then sheele deman

Stew. Madam, I w

I thinke shee wisht
communicate to her
owne eares, shee the

toucht not anie stran
loued your Sonne; I
desse, that had put su

estates: Loue no god
onellie, where qualiti
gins, that would su

without rescue in th
ward: This shee deli
sorrow that ere I hear

my dutie speedily to
the losse that may hap
to know it.

Count. You haue d
to your selfe, manie
before, which hung

I could neither bel
leaze mee, still thi
you for your honest

ther anon.

Old. Count. Euen fo
If euer vve are nature
Doth to our Rose of
Our bloud to vs, this

It is the show, and te
Where loues strong
By our remembrance

Such were our faults.
Her eie is sicke on't, I

Hell. What is you
Ol. Count. You kno

Hell. Mine honor
Ol. Count. Nay a m

fed a mother
Me thought you saw

That you start at it?
And put you in the C

That were enwomb
Adoption strives vvi
A natie slip to vs fr

You nere oppress me
Yet I expresse to you
(Gods mercie maide)

To say I am thy mot
That this distemper